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TEMPERANCE PLAYS.

→ Our Jack. ←

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

— BY —

C. A. Stenman.

— O —

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— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— O —

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— CLYDE, OHIO: —

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OUR JACK.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JACK STANTON,	}
GRIMES,		
CHARLES DEAN,	}
LEE,		
HARRY KEMPTON,	}
MR. KEMPTON,		
BILL,	}
JIM,		
OFFICERS,	}
JULIA KEMPTON,		
FLORENCE STANTON,	
ALICE,	

—x—

TIME OF PLAYING—1 hour and 45 minutes.

—x—

COSTUMES.

CAPT. JACK.—Life Saving Uniform, rubber coat and hat.

CHARLES DEAN.—Business suit, cane and gloves.

HARRY KEMPTON.—Act 1st.; duck suit, cap or hat Act 2nd., street costume. Act 3rd.: business suit.

MR. KEMPTON.—Business suit.

BILL, } Tough make-up.
JIM. }

L. S. CREW.—Life saving uniforms.

LEE.—Act 1st.: business suit, plug hat, gloves and cane. Act 3rd.; business suit.

GRIMES.—Tough make-up.

JULIA KEMPTON.—Act 1st.: summer dress. Act 2nd., house dress. Act 3rd., street costume.

FLORENCE STANTON.—Summer dress.

ALICE.—Servant make-up.

—x—

PROPERTIES.

Act I.—Roll of bills, rope and revolvers for Jack; papers for Floe; dagger, matches, iron bar and revolver for Dean; dagger for Jim; photograph and letter for Bill.

Act II.—Burglar tools, note, letters, cigar and matches for Lee; valise for Harry; duster for Alice; handcuffs for Officer; book for Julia.

Act III.—Letters, photograph, bells and revolver for Lee.

—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. c., Right of Center; L. c., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

OUR JACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Life Saving Station, surroundings on sea coast—bench R., 2 E., rock up L.—as curtain rises, JACK is discovered resting foot on rock, L., HARRY up R., looking off.

Jack. Look here old man, you must not be so broken up about it; why, you look as if you were seventy-five years old, instead of twenty-five. Come, cheer up, the summer will pass soon enough.

Harry. Oh! it's no use trying, I cannot get over it. Why, it seems to me as if we were going to have a funeral every day. It may suit you, but for me, this place is too quiet. When you are around, time seems to pass fast enough, but you have these men to drill, and so many other things to look after, that I scarcely get to talk to you once a week, and there is Julia; well, that cad of a Dean seems to cling to her as a drowning man would to a straw. He is the only one I can get to talk to. You know how it is, I am very slow about making acquaintances, so you see, it is no wonder I feel melancholy and long to see my old friends again.

Jack. To hear you talk, one would suppose you had been here a year, instead of only a month. Come down to the Station and get acquainted with the boys, they will no doubt make it interesting for you.

Harry. I will have to do something, and I may accept your offer, but if I loaf around too much and become a bore to you and your men, remember you are to blame.

Jack. (*laughing*) All right, I'll take the chances. By the way, have you been warned about the counterfeiters who are making this the field of their operations?

Harry. Yes, I was warned early this morning. Have they found any clew as to who the operators are?

Jack. No, I think not, but they will run them down if they keep it up. They may yet make it hot for them.

Harry. Have you ever had any similar experiences here?

Jack. Yes, about two years ago there were quite a number of people here from the city, and it seemed as though a band of counterfeiters had sprung up among us. In less than three days from the

time the first counterfeit bill was discovered, the operators had succeeded in flooding the neighborhood. A gentleman by the name of Griffin, suffered a loss of about \$2500; that was one of the big losses. There were a good many of the same kind, but the criminals did not entirely escape: the leader was captured with three of his men; a few of the gang succeeded in making good their escape, carrying with them the bulk of the money they had secured here. (*reaches in his pocket and takes out bills*) Here is one of the bills they used, (*business of handling money*) and here is one of the bills the present gang is using. Can you detect the difference?

Harry. O! yes, it is very easy when you compare them. I am sure, had you not told me this was a counterfeit, I would have thought it genuine. There has not been very many of these last bills circulated, I believe?

Jack. No, I do not think so, yet it is hard to tell. As near as I could learn, they had just began to operate, when the news spread rapidly. Ah! here comes your sister and Mr. Dean.

Harry. Yes, I wish I had time to get out of the way, I do not care for his company. For some reason, I cannot tell just why, I have taken a strong dislike to that fellow, to tell the truth, I detest him. I cannot imagine how Julia can endure his company. I suppose it is because father has taken a liking to him. I should not be surprised if father would want her to marry this cad, but good, kind and gentle as she is, she has a will of her own. I hope he will not remain here long, to me his room is preferable to his company.

(*laughing heard off* R.)

Enter JULIA KEMPTON and CHARLES DEAN, R. E.

Julia. Ah! we have company. Good morning, Mr. Stanton. (*JACK tips hat*) Harry, you look as if you were enjoying yourself more than usual.

Harry. We were just talking about the counterfeiters. I suppose you have been warned not to accept paper money? It is hoped that this will check these rascals from flooding the neighborhood with their worthless bills.

Julia. Thank you. I had not heard of this before, but as yet have not been a victim. Has any thing been done to capture them?

Jack. O! yes, they have tried, but so far, have been unsuccessful.

Dean. And it is my opinion that they never will. This place is too slow to catch a weasel asleep.

Julia. Why Mr. Dean—how you—talk—one would suppose you had become tired of this beautiful place. Can it be possible you are going to find fault? As for this place being slow, I hardly know what you mean, I think you have forgotten the terrible experience we had when the excursion steamer was wrecked, and the prompt service shown by the life saving crew; had they been slow, as you say, we would both be sleeping in watery graves. That terrible experience to me is gone, but not forgotten. (*turning to JACK*) How is your arm, may I ask?

Jack. It is getting along very nicely, the doctor says I can do away with the sling, and that will be a great relief to me, as I am anxious to return to my work.

Dean. (*impatiently*) Come Julia, your mother will be anxious about you. I promised her that we would not be away more than

an hoar, and we have been gone an hour and twenty minutes. I am sure you do not want her to be disappointed.

Julia. You seem more anxious than usual, but come, I will not be the cause of you breaking your promise to her. (*turns to HARRY and JACK*) Good morning.

(*exit JULIA and DEAN, L., 2 E.—HARRY walks over to R., looks off*

Jack. (*at L., 2 E.. looking after JULIA and DEAN*) That fellow has not much love for me, it seems, and to tell the truth, the more I see of him the less I think of him. True, he has a handsome face, yet there is a look about his eyes that seems to be treacherous. I do not fancy his company would be agreeable for any length of time. I wonder if she can care anything for him? Sometimes when she is near, I feel a strange thumping in my heart, I try to keep it down and overcome it, but it seems impossible. Can it be that I am falling in love? I must avoid her in the future—she is rich, while I am—but I am forgetting myself. (*turning to HARRY*) There you go again, looking as gloomy as ever. What in the world is the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your last friend on earth.

Harry. Look here, Jack, you must not think badly of me, but I feel as though I wanted to give that cad, Dean, a good thrashing. You broke your arm in saving his life, but it is a pity you did not let him drown, his life is not worth saving. If I am bored very much more with his company, I will be compelled to give him the thrashing he deserves.

Jack. Tut! tut! Harry, you must not talk like that. I did my duty in saving his life. He was unconscious and could not swim. I care nothing for his thanks. You must remember the uniform I wear, compels me to save all those who are in danger. Why is it you have taken such a strong dislike to him?

Harry. O! I don't know, I never could bear him, and it vexes me when I see him with my sister. Something seems to tell me that he is not fit to be in her company. It is surprising to me that she goes with him at all. I am sure she does not fancy his company.

Jack. You must not think so badly of him, perhaps he is all he pretends to be. Come, go down to the Station with me, and we will talk it over. I must return, as I have some things I have to look after. Will you come?

Harry. I may as well go, time hangs heavily on my hands as it is, and a few moments spent at the Life Saving Station, will no doubt prove interesting.

(*exeunt L., 3 E.*

Enter DEAN, L., 2 E.

Dean. (*coming down*) So they are onto my counterfeiting scheme are they, and have warned everybody to be on their guard,

Enter FLORENCE STANTON, R., 3 E., and remains at back, unseen by DEAN.

and not accept paper money. Let me see, I'll change my plan somewhat. I have a sufficient amount worked off, and I believe that I can hold out until I succeed in making Miss Julia my wife. I tackled the old man at just the right time. He has given his consent, and now she wears my ring on her finger. It was all done so easy, it seemed like a dream—she said nothing—I wonder why she was silent? I must hasten the marriage, there is many a slip twix

the cup and lip. Suppose this Jack Stanton should in some way step in and interfere with my plans? Bah! let him have a care—as the old saying goes, "faint heart never won fair lady." She will get something like a half million from the old man as a wedding gift, and I need it in my business. I am determined to have it, there is none to prevent.

Florence. (coming down) Did you say none?

Dean. (excitedly) Floe!

Floe. Yes, Floe your wife, Mr. Chas. Clark.

Dean. Woman, what do you mean?

Floe. What do I mean? I mean to prevent that marriage.

Dean. Have a care, do you know who you are trifling with?

Floe. Yes, I know only too well. Would to heaven that I did not know. So you thought you would get rid of me, by leaving me behind, did you? Well, Mr. Clark, I am here to let you know that you have failed.

Dean. And now that you are here, what do you intend to do? You surely would not be foolish enough to claim that you are my wife?

Floe. That is just exactly what I am going to do. I am going to force you to right the wrong you have done, if you refuse, I am going to follow you to the end of the world, if necessary. I will make you regret the day you wronged me, for as much as I once loved you, I now hate you. You will find me a thorn of the worst kind in your path.

Dean. So that is your little game, is it? You may force me to the wall, but all your plans will avail you nothing. Who would ever believe it, if you did claim you were my wife, you have not the slightest proof in the world.

Floe. You are right, I have no proof that I am your wife. Fool that I was, to trust you and allow a secret marriage. Then I believed you to be a man of honor, now I know you to be a villain of the deepest dye. You have the marriage certificate, but mark you, there is nothing for me to live for in this world but revenge, and that I will have.

Dean. Ha! ha! what would you do?

Floe. What would I do? I would denounce you as a bigamist and a counterfeiter.

Dean. What proof have you that I am a counterfeiter and a bigamist?

Floe. Listen, Charles Clark, and I will tell you a story. In my search for you, I left not a stone unturned, and on the morning following your disappearance, I began searching for something that would give me a trace of your whereabouts. In a pocket of your old vest I found a torn piece of a letter, with these words written in a woman's hand, "Your loving wife, Anna," and also an address, "1214 S. 9th. St." I immediately boarded a train for that city. Upon arriving there, I went at once to 1214 S. 9th. St., and found the house. I did not hesitate, but went up the steps and rang the bell, and asked to see Miss Anna Clark. I was informed that no one by that name lived in that neighborhood, but I did not give up. Well, to make a long story short, there was a Miss Anna Hurd living there, and I found that she was the writer of the letter I had found in your pocket. She told me of her marriage, of how you had left her. She wrote several letters, but received no answer. She was more fortu-

nate than I, for she had her marriage certificate, which I now have. I received a letter from a pal of yours, whom you have wronged. It was a confession written and signed by him, stating that you were the leader of a band of counterfeiters, so you see I have all the proofs I need, (DEAN reaches for dagger) to land you in a felon's cell.

Dean. (rushes forward and catches her by wrist) Woman, you know too much. (stabs her in breast, she falls to stage with a scream—DEAN searches for papers, finds same in bosom of dress, lights match and sets on fire, drops paper on stage, walks hurriedly to L., 3 E.) A dead woman and burned proofs tell no tales. (exit L., 3 E.)

Enter JACK, L., 1 E.

Jack. I am sure I heard some one scream. (sees papers, puts foot on them) What is this? (picks them up and reads) A marriage certificate and a written confession, this has become interesting. (looks around, discovers FLORENCE, goes to her and kneels) A woman! what is this? (looks at hand) Blood! she has been stabbed. (turns face to light and recognizes his sister) My God! this is my sister. Floe, Floe, don't you know me? I am your brother Jack.

(lays her head on his arm

Floe. (slowly opening eyes) Jack.

Jack. For God's sake! speak and tell me who is your murderer.

Floe. (trys to raise head) Charles—Clark.

(drops head and remains motionless

Jack. (lays her back on the stage) My God, she is dead! (gets up) Mr. Charles Clark, who ever you are, we shall meet face to face, and then you shall answer for the murder of my sister—I swear it.

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—Same as scene 1st.—lights down, thunder and lightning.

Enter DEAN, R., 1 E.

Dean. Well, the job is done, I have nothing more to fear from Floe. If Jack Stanton should recognize her—but it is hardly possible, he has not seen her since she was quite a girl. Hello! there is a terrible storm coming. Why not put this Jack Stanton out of the way? Perhaps I can do it to-night: he will be on duty. If he should disappear, the body of his sister will be found, and no doubt, the crime will be fastened on him. I'll try it. His body would never be found: with a weight I can sink him to the bottom of the sea. Here goes for two birds with one stone. (exit L., 1 E.)

Enter LIFE SAVING CREW, c. e., JACK giving orders.

Jack. Stand ready, boys, and watch for the ship's signal. (all looking R.) There it is, into the boat, boys, quickly!

(exit MEN, R., quickly

Enter DEAN, L. E., JACK secures rope and starts R., DEAN springs behind JACK with iron bar raised, JACK leaps aside, turns swiftly and knocks DEAN down, does not recognize him.

I'll take care of your case later. (rushes out R., outside) Pull boys, for your lives.

Dean. (*rising to his feet*) Curse him, he got the best of me that time, but I will get even with him yet. (*explosion of steamer*) Ah! the boilers have exploded. (*looks off L., 2 E.*) Who is this? Miss Julia, as sure as I am alive.

Enter JULIA, L., 2 E.

Julia. My God! the steamer is wrecked. God have pity on the poor souls.

Dean. Why Julia, what are you doing here at this time of the night?

Julia. (*facing him, scornfully*) I was not aware that I had to answer to you, Mr. Dean, for my actions.

Dean. Pardon me, but as we are engaged, I think you will allow me to have something to say.

Julia. Mr. Dean, you forget that you have not yet had my answer. I allowed you to place the ring on my finger, merely for father's sake. He was ill at the time you asked him for my hand, and when he called me to him, and told me he had consented to our marriage, I was on the point of refusing, when the doctor's warning words came to me, "do not let your father get excited, he has heart trouble." Remembering that warning, I said nothing, and you, thinking by my silence, I had given my consent, placed this ring (*takes off ring*) on my finger, which I now have the pleasure of giving back to (*throws ring at DEANS feet*) you. Take it, and remember this, you will do me a favor by not annoying me with your presence again—it is anything but agreeable to me.

Dean. Why—what does this mean—why should you treat me like this?

Julia. You can best answer that question yourself.

Dean. So this is to be the end of it all, is it?

Julia. It is.

Dean. What will your father say when he learns of this?

Julia. I have already told him that I despised and detested you, and that I intended breaking the engagement—that I did not love you and never could. Rather than make my life unhappy, he told me to do as I wished, and I have done so.

Dean. Listen to me, woman, you (*catches her by wrist*) have broken the engagement, but remember this, I cannot be so easily shaken off. I am determined you shall be my wife.

Julia. Mr. Dean,

Enter JACK, R. E., and remains at back.

if you think (*throws off his hand*) you can frighten me into marrying you, you have made a mistake—by your words and actions just now, you have proved to be just what I thought you were. I care not to have further words with you, so good night.

(*starts toward L., 2 E., DEAN steps in front of her*)

Dean. Not so soon my fine beauty, stay and listen to what I have got to say to you.

Julia. You can say nothing that I care to hear, so let me pass.

Dean. Not until I have done with you; you must hear what I have to say.

Julia. (*taking a step toward him*) Let me pass, I say!

Dean. Never! you must—

Jack. Let the lady pass, Mr. Dean.

Dean. You here—what right have you to interfere?

Jack. (*standing with folded arms*) The right of a gentleman to protect a lady from such as you.

Dean. Be careful sir! you may cause me to give you the thrashing you deserve.

Jack. (*walking to JULIA, facing DEAN*) In a few moments I will return, and then, nothing would please me more than to have you try to give me the thrashing you think I deserve. (*turning to JULIA*) If you will allow me the pleasure, I will accompany you to your home. (*JULIA takes his arm, JACK turning to DEAN*) I hope you will consent to remain here until I return, Mr. Dean, I have some important business I would like to talk over with you.

(*they start, JULIA looks over shoulder at DEAN and laughs*

Julia. Good-bye, Mr. Dean.

(*laughing—exit JULIA and JACK, L., 2 E.*

Dean. (*looking off L.*) Curse him, I hate him! Again he has the upper hand, it is his deal now, but mine next.

(*continues looking off L.*

Enter BILL, R., 2 E.

Bill. Ah! dere is de Cap., looks as though his girl had given him the mit. (*goes over and taps DEAN on shoulder, DEAN turns quickly with drawn revolver*) O! say, put up the papers, dem is nasty t'ings to play with, dey might go off.

Dean. (*puts up gun*) O! it is you, is it? Well Bill, you have just come in time. (*points off L., 2 E.*) Do you see that man with the lady on his arm? (*BILL nods head*) I will give you \$500 to silence his tongue, and remove him from my path forever.

Bill. Golly! gee! want's him soaked, does ye? Five hundred is not enough to do the job. I do not want to tackle him myself. I's got to have help, and Jim is de chap as 'll help do de trick. It 'll take \$500 plunks a piece, or no go.

Dean. All right, you bring me the proof that he is out of my way, and I will give you the cash. Here is twenty-five now, (*gives money*) and the rest when the job is completed. Now listen, and I will tell you how you can do the work. He will return here in a few moments, you can go and find Jim, but hurry, for you have not a moment to spare. Return here, do your work, and then fasten a weight to his body, cast him into the sea, where he will never be found. Go! (*exit BILL, R., 1 E.*) Ah, that is arranged, and now Captain Jack, I am about to settle old scores with you. Fool that you were to step in the path of Charles Clark. If I am not mistaken, there will soon be a new Captain at the Life Saving Station.

(*exit R., 2 E.*

Enter JACK, L., 2 E.

Jack. (*looking around*) Not here. Well, I expected as much. So he was engaged to Miss Julia. I wonder how he succeeded in getting on the good side of her father. He succeeded in pulling wool over the old man's eyes to perfection, but that letter Julia received, spoiled all his little plans, and just in time. The writer claims to be his wife. She said he was a scoundrel and not fit to be in the

company of a lady. Well Charles Dean, if you are capable of doing one thing, you are capable of doing another. (*looks off R.*) Hello! here comes that tough looking character that I saw talking to my worthy friend this morning. If I can manage to pump him, I may be able to learn something. I'll try it.

(*rests hand on wing and looks off L.*

Enter BILL, R., 2 E.

BILL. (*aside*) Well, the bird has got here first. I wouldn't like to tackle him by my lonely. It's a lucky t'ing dat I found Jim. Now let me see, I am to pick a fight out of de bloke, and while we are tussling, Jim slips up behind and does de knife act. Well, here goes for a starter. (*goes over and taps JACK on shoulder, he turns*) 'Scuse me, Cap., but I had a friend on de boat, and I's heard dat she met wit an accident. Did every bôdy come out all right?

Jack. Yes, they were all brought safely to shore.

BILL. How did it happen, was de engineer in his cups.

Jack. Certainly not, he never drank a drop in his life.

BILL. Ah! say, wot yer givin' us, he drank wid me mor'n once.

Jack. (*aside*) I think he is looking for a fight. I begin to smell a rat. (*aloud*) Perhaps you know more about him than I do. I am sure I have never seen Mr. Harris take a drink in his life. You are the first person that has ever accused him of drinking.

BILL. Wot does yer mean by dat, dat I am a liar?

Jack. If the shoe fits you, wear it.

BILL. Look a here, young fellow, you'se de first guy dat ever called me a liar

Enter JIM, R., 3 E., unseen by JACK.

and did not get thumped. I am going to show you what you'll get, when you insult a gentleman. Defend yourself! (*taking off coat and drops it on stage, rolls up sleeves*) I am a holy tarrier, look out, here I come!

BILL strikes at JACK, who steps aside and gets a glimpse of JIM with knife in hand, BILL rushes for a clinch, JACK knocks him down, turns quickly and catches JIM's wrist, who was about to strike—they struggle.

Jim. Curse de luck.

Jack. You forgot to ask my permission. (*BILL gets up from floor while struggling is going on, rushes at JACK, who gives him a kick in the stomach, BILL drops to the stage groaning*) You should have brought a few more to help you in your murderous work. (*twists JIM's arm, who drops knife to stage with a howl of pain, JACK kicks knife off stage and draws revolvers, JIM does the same, but JACK has him covered*) You are just too late. Drop that revolver, drop it, I say! (*JIM drops it with a curse*) That is right; now you get out, this is an unhealthy place for you to be in. (*JIM starts R., 2 E., but stops, BILL jumps on JACK's back, he shakes him off, hits him on head with revolver, BILL falls to stage with a groan, JIM starts toward JACK, but turns, JACK fires over his head, JIM runs off R., 2 E.—JACK laughing*) Come again, when you have longer to stay. (*turns to BILL*) Poor fellow, you compelled me to do it. (*kneels at his side*) Ah! it is not as bad as I expected. I hit him a fearful blow, but it was a glancing one. He will soon be himself

again. (*picks up picture that has fallen out of Bill's pocket and looks at it*) What is this, a picture of my sister. (*picks up coat and searches, pulls out letter and reads*) "N. Y., April 26—Bill, I am going to the seaside; you and Jim come, bring plenty of the green. We can work it off to good advantage. I will go by the name of Dean while there, have left Florence behind, she was in the way, may have trouble with her if she follows—you will have a piece of work to do for me. Do not forget instructions. CLARK." At last I have found what I have been looking for, and now Mr. Charles Clark, alias Dean, as sure as there is a living God above us, you shall suffer for the murder of my sister, I swear it.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Parlor 3rd groores, backed by window with heavy curtains' R. C., doors R. and L., sofa L., 2 E., table C., chairs R. and L. of table, desk up L., chairs arranged about room—time, morning—HARRY discovered on sofa as curtain rises—MR. LEE on chair at table.

Harry. (*laughing*) Very good, Mr. Lee, that was a good joke.

Lee. But it was not a joke, it was the truth.

Harry. It is strange—you say you were there during the months of May and June. It is queer we did not meet, but when I come to think of it, I loafed about the Life Saving Station, a good deal, and that is perhaps the reason we never met. How do you like our friend Jack?

Lee. O! he seems to be a very good sort of a fellow, but one cannot tell on short acquaintance. He may prove all right, and then again he may not.

Harry. Have no fear, Mr. Lee, the time will never come when Jack Stanton will prove anything but all right. He is one of the best fellows in the world.

Lee. Do not be so sure, my boy, I will never forget the time I trusted one whom I thought was my best friend, and he proved anything but what I thought him to be, thus you see one cannot always tell.

Harry. I am very sorry that you did not arrive sooner; had you became better acquainted with Jack, you would have the same opinion we have of him. I am very sorry that he was compelled to return so soon, but his motto is, duty first and then pleasure, and he sticks to it. He has promised to return and spend the winter with us, then you will have a chance to become better acquainted with him.

Lee. I am very sorry that I cannot meet your friend, for I am going west to spend the winter.

Harry. Why, I thought you had planned to settle down here?

Lee. Yes, I had, but this morning I received a letter from my uncle, and he wants me to go and inspect a mine he thinks of buying, and I of course have written him, and accepted the offer. I do not start on my journey until the latter part of September, that will allow me to remain with you some time longer.

(*takes out cigar and strikes match on shoe, lights cigar*

Harry. I am very sorry that you have arranged to leave us. The

remainder of the time you stay with us, I will see that you enjoy yourself. Ah! here comes Julia, I suppose you have said nothing to her of your departure?

Lee. No, in fact I have told no one but you.

Enter JULIA, R. E.

Julia. (*crossing to sofa*) I hope you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Lee. (*sits*)

Lee. O! thank you, I am making myself quite at home.

(*puff's cigar*)

Harry. I have some news for you Julia. Mr. Lee has changed his plans somewhat, and is going to travel this winter, instead of settling down here.

Julia. I am very sorry. I had counted on you as one of our neighbors, but I suppose you must go.

Lee. Yes, it is partly on business, and to again visit the great West before I settle down.

Julia. I have always had a desire to visit California. I have heard so much of the beautiful scenery there.

Lee. Yes, it truly is a lovely place, and you have not had the pleasure of a visit to California, that is somewhat surprising to me.

Julia. Not at all. You see, I have been at school for the last six years, only home on a visit now and then, but sometime I hope to visit California and satisfy my curiosity.

Harry. That reminds me, I received a letter from a friend of mine, who is on his way to England. He asked me to accompany him; father has given his consent, and I will leave here this evening. I suppose you have no objections, Julia?

Julia. Why, you naughty boy, going to run away and leave Mr. Lee? What will he do for company? I expect father will go next, perhaps to Egypt, but you men are all alike, so I expect I had better give my consent.

Harry. (*getting up*) I will leave you to entertain Mr. Lee, Julia. I am going to run down to the post office, I will be back soon.

(*exit C. W.*)

Julia. Will you come into the library, Mr. Lee, father is all alone, and will no doubt enjoy your company. (*they rise*)

Lee. Certainly, I am always pleased to talk with your father. Come, (*they start*) we will go at once. (*exit C. E.*)

Enter ALICE, R. E.

Alice. (*at C. E.*) So we have a visitor. Ever since he has been here, I have had strange fancies. If anything should turn up, Mr. so called Lee, you will find me an interesting girl, with an interesting story. Poor Julia, she is all broke up over Capt. Jack. She tries to hide it, but I can see it in her actions. I am sure there was a letter for her this morning, and it was from Capt. Stanton. Julia evidently did not get it. Now, what became of that letter. Ah! I have an idea, and I am going to push it for all it is worth.

(*exit R. C. E.*)

Enter LEE, C. E.

Lee. (*looking after ALICE*) That servant girl is getting too fresh, she seems to be wherever I am. Can she suspicion anything? I

must find out. So Harry is going away—well, that suits me. The old man is a fool, and I can make him believe almost anything, but Harry, I am afraid would soon tumble to my little game. Let me see, if I could fix up a scheme some way, to have the old man believe his son is doing crooked work, he would denounce him and that would give me more time to work my game. Ah! I have it, (*goes to desk*) The old man keeps a good supply of money in this desk, in a secret drawer, he thinks that no one but Harry and himself know anything about it. Harry has a key to the desk—if that money was taken, suspicion would fall upon him. Lucky for me that I saw the old man put some bills in that drawer, the knowledge may prove of value to me. I'll do it, secure the bills, and when Harry has packed his grip, manage to get them in it some way. A search—they are found—and my old friend, Mr. Kempton will do the rest—some one coming, I will have to work fast. (*exit L. E.*)

Enter HARRY, C. E.

Harry. (*coming down*) Well, every thing is O. K. I have secured my ticket and will leave here at 4:20, (*looks at watch*) it is now 11:45. I will get a few bites to eat, pack my duds and then write a few words to Jack.

Enter JULIA, C. E.

Julia. Ah! you returned sooner than I had expected. Was there any mail for me?

Harry. No.

Julia. That is strange, Jack promised to write as soon as he got back, if he did, I should have got the letter this morning. I believe he intended to write, for he promised faithfully that he would.

Harry. Can it be possible that Capt. Jack has captured my sisters heart. If so, I will have to thrash him.

Julia. That is just like a silly boy—you know that I care nothing for him—only—only—

Harry. Only—what?

Julia. Only none of your business, so there.

(*sits L. C.*)

Harry. (*whistles*) Say, it's real pleasant to see you vexed—why, you are a regular spit-fire. (*places hand on back of her chair*) Come, do not be angry with me, you know that I leave you in a few hours. I admit that I am to blame, so I humbly beg your pardou.

Julia. I'll forgive you, but be careful how you talk to me the next time. When do you expect to return?

Harry. That is hard to tell. If I enjoy myself, I shall stay sometime, but if I become homesick, I will do just like all other little boys, come home. (*looking at watch*) Come, I must get something to eat. (*they start c.*) Then I will write a few lines to your big Capt. Jack. (*she slaps him*)

Julia. If you say another word like that, I shall give you a good scolding.

Harry. (*laughing*) All right, I'll be good.

(*exeunt c. E.*)

Enter LEE, L. E.

Lee. (*at c. E.*) There he goes, laughing and having a good time. He will soon find this world not half so bright as he thinks it to be,

(walks to desk, takes tools out of pocket and picks lock, opens) Ah! that was easy. (looks cautiously around) I wonder if I am going to have any trouble finding that secret hiding place? (pulls out pannel at back) Had I not seen Mr. Kempton put these bank notes in here, I would have sworn there was no secret drawer. It was very cleverly concealed. (takes out bank notes) That is quite a roll—if I were not playing for larger game, I would be tempted to keep this for my own individual use, but as my dear friend Harry is about to start on a long voyage, I will help him out by giving him the entire amount, he may need it. (putting bills in pocket, laughs and exit L. E.)

Enter HARRY, C. E.

Harry. (sets grip in chair, L. C.) There, that is finished, and now to write a few lines to friend Jack.

(sits at L. C., business of writing a letter)

Enter LEE, C. E., unseen by HARRY, who is busy writing.

Lee. (goes to grip—aside) All ready to leave, are you? Well, before you go, dear boy, perhaps you will be interested in the scene that is about to take place here. (opens grip and puts money in) Harry, I am going to fix up a surprise on you; first, by placing these few dollars in your grip, and now I'll go and fix the old man. I will tell him he must have given Harry a considerable amount of money to spend, while abroad, and that I heard Harry say something about keys and secret drawer, the old man will become suspicious. I'll caution him not to say a word about what I tell him, and Harry, you will get the whole benefit of the grand surprise—ta! ta! old fellow, I will return soon.

(exit C. E.)

Enter ALICE, R. E., as LEE exits.

Alice. (aside) Ah! there goes my charge. I wonder what deviltry he has been up to. I believe I will push my idea.

(exit C. E.)

Enter JULIA, L., 2 E.

Julia. Harry, are you writing to Jack.

Harry. (without looking up) Yep.

Julia. You—can—you—can—a—ask--him—why he does not write.

Harry. Yes, I have done so.

Julia. And—Harry—Harry.

Harry. Well!

Julia. Tell—him—yes.

Harry. (wheeling around in chair) What!

Julia. Don't ask no questions, just tell him that I told you to say yes. He will understand.

Harry. (finishing letter) But I don't.

Julia. You are not supposed to know.

Harry. (backing letter) All right. (puts letter in and seals)

Julia. I am going down town, but you must not go before I get back. Promise me that you will wait.

Harry. I promise. Here, take this letter and mail it. (business of taking letter) Do not stay too long, or I may be compelled to break my promise, remember that I leave here at 4:30.

Julia. Do not fear, I will be back in a short time. *(exit c. e.)*

Harry. Well I knew she was in love, and I can't blame her. She has fallen in love with a man who is worthy of any girl's heart.

Enter ALICE, c. e., business of dusting.

Harry. Alice, stop that work. (*ALICE lays down duster and sits on sofa*) You have a very pretty face, and if your voice is its equal, I should like to hear it. Can you sing?

Alice. (*rising, coming down*) You can answer that yourself, listen! *(song—as she finishes, goes and picks up duster)*

Harry. Very good, you sing beautifully.

Enter MR. KEMPTON and OFFICER, c. e.

Mr. Kempton. (*goes to desk, opens and discovers money gone, turns to HARRY*) Harry, I have been robbed.

Harry. (*rising*) Impossible!

Mr. K. It is not at all impossible, Harry, what do you know about this? Tell me the truth and nothing but the truth.

Harry. What—do—I know, why—nothing—

Mr. K. Be careful boy, you are the only one who knew where I kept my money, and you had the keys.

Harry. Father—surely—you do not believe me guilty of such a crime.

Mr. K. The evidence convinces me of your guilt.

Harry. Father, do not say that.

Mr. K. But I do say it—to think that my son would rob me. Fool that I was, I thought I had a son that I could trust,

Harry. And you have; there must be some terrible mistake. What proof have you to think me guilty of such a crime?

Mr. K. Officer search that grip.

(as OFFICER searches grip, ALICE goes up c.)

Enter LEE, l. e., stops at sofa.

(*OFFICER takes out bills and gives them to MR. KEMPTON*) And now remember sir! there are officers at the foot of the stairs. Do you acknowledge your guilt?

Harry. No.

Mr. K. Do you mean to tell me, that after finding this money in your grip, that you are not guilty?

Harry. I—do.

Mr. K. (*to OFFICER*) Officer, do your duty.

OFFICER steps to HARRY with handcuff's in hand, HARRY knocks him down and rushes to window.

Harry. (*in window*) Father, you have done me an injustice, but I forgive you.

(LEE steps toward him, ALICE steps in front of LEE, with hand uplifted
Alice. Stop!

HARRY escapes out of window, OFFICER rises with revolver in hand, starts for window, MR. KEMPTON steps in front of him with uplifted hand.

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—Street scene—lapse of three days between scene 1st. and 2nd.

Enter LEE, l., 1 e.

Lee. (coming down, takes note out of pocket and reads) "Capt. Clark, this will introduce to you our friend Grimes; he is a good trust-worthy man, and will hesitate at nothing, if well paid. Has helped us out here, and we send him to you, hoping you can use him. BILL & JIM." (putting paper in pocket and looking at watch) Perhaps he can be trusted. I will try him. There can be no loss without some small gain. I met him this morning for the first time, and this letter from Bill speaks well of him. I told him to meet me here at 11, it is now 10:55. He has five minutes in which to make his appearance. So Capt. Jack is coming here, is he? Confound that fellow. I must prevent it in some way, or he will spoil all my well laid schemes. If he arrives at the Kempton residence, I may as well pack my grip and go. If Harry went to him and told him his recent trouble with his father, who knows but Jack has smelt a mouse—by heavens! I must prevent his coming in some manner—I think I will leave it to this man Grimes. And there is that servant girl. Bah! she is in love with Harry, and that is the reason she stopped me when I tried to prevent him from escaping. (looks off R.) Ah! here comes my man.

Enter GRIMES, r., 1 e.

Hello Grimes, on time I see.

Grimes. I sed I'd be here, and I never breaks my word, see?

Lee. Well, I have concluded to let you do a job for me. You say you were down to the sea-side; do you remember the Capt. of the Life Saving Crew?

Grimes. Does I? I guess yes—I owes dat cove one for spoiling my racket.

Lee. Then you are just the man I am looking for. You can get even and do a little job for me at the same time, for which I will pay you a handsome price.

Grimes. Well, what is de price. If I take de job, you can count on it as done; give me the lay out.

Lee. Listen, a young fellow had some trouble with his father here in this city three days ago, and I have every reason to believe that he went to Capt. Jack, who is a great friend of his, and the consequences is, that Capt. Jack is coming here to make a call on these people, and I fear that he may spoil all my plans. I want you to prevent him from reaching the house. I will give you \$300 to put him out of my way. What do you say?

Grimes. What does I say? I says nit! Does you think I wants to put my neck in de halter for \$300? Well, I don't think. Say, I do de Capt. up in queens taste, but it will take 100 plunks now, and 500 when de jobs done. Now, what does you say?

Lee. If I give you 100, what proof have I that you will do the work?

Grimes. Well, if I does de bloke up, what proof have I dat I gets de dough? Give 100 plunks now, or I throws up de sponge.

Lee. Well, here is your money. Now listen, (*business of handling money*) the Capt. will arrive on the 6:30 train this evening. You can arrange your own plans as to how you will accomplish your work, only be sure and get your man. I will meet you here at 7:30 to-morrow morning.

Grimes. Have no fear, you will not see de Capt., dis even', 'cause I's onto me job—see? (exit R., 1 E.)

Lee. Something seems to tell me that he will succeed, and that Miss Julia will not see her Capt. Jack this night. (exit L., 1 E.)

Enter HARRY, R., 1 E.

Harry (*at E.*) I wonder who that tough looking character was I met, who seemed to know me and called me by name. Something about his voice sounded familiar, yet I cannot place him. (*crosses stage to L., 1 E.*) I wonder what has become of Jack. I lost him at the depot this morning, and now I cannot find him. Perhaps he has called on Julia—I dare not go there. He has promised to help me clear up this mystery, but has cautioned me to stay away from home until I hear from him. I have promised him that I would do as he wished. I hope he will not keep me waiting long. I will take another run down to the depot, perhaps he has arrived there by this time. (exit L., 1 E.)

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—Same as act 2nd., scene 1st.—as curtain rises, JULIA is discovered seated on chair L. of table, book in hand, reading, LEE on lounge, L., 2 E.

Lee. I tell you my dear, you must have lost all of your friends. I sympathize with you.

Julia. (*lowering book and laughing softly*) It does look as though they had all gone back on me. Mr. Stanton sent me a telegram, stating positively he was coming on the 6:30 train this evening. We went to the depot, but Jack was not there. Father tried to apologize for him by saying, perhaps he was fixing up a joke on us, and that we would find him at home when we arrived. I thought the same, and hunted the house high and low, but no Jack Stanton could be found. I do not like the way he is treating us.

Lee. Well, I do not think I would bother my head about him. If I were you, I would let him see that I could be as independent as he was.

Julia. O! something must be wrong, or we would have received some word from him.

Lee. (*aside*) Yes, something is wrong.

Julia. And we do not hear from Harry. He has been gone three days. He promised me that he would wait for me until I returned. I'll give him a good scolding when I do hear from him.

Lee. Yes, and I leave in three days, I received another letter from my uncle this morning, and he wants me to join him, so that will cut my stay considerable short. I am anxious to breathe the pure air and see the beautiful sights in California. It is worth any one's time to travel through that beautiful country. There is not a more beautiful place in the world; it is more like paradise

than any part of this world. Yes, I am more than anxious for the time to come, when I shall start on my journey.

Julia. If you do not stop talking about California, you will cause me to have the western fever, so you must be careful how you talk, or I may become dissatisfied until I see this beautiful country.

Lee. Why not you and your father make preparations and come with me? He has finished the business that has called him home—I promise you will not regret your visit.

Julia. (*laughing softly*) Impossible! it cannot be. Father needs all the rest he can get. You must not forget that he is getting old and is not as strong as he was ten years ago. I therefore must decline your kind offer. I thank you very much.

Enter GRIMES, c. e., remains at back unseen.

Lee. (*walks over to JULIA's chair and rests his hand on back of it*) I am going to tell you something. I pray you will hear me and consider before you give me your answer, what it means to me. Just three weeks ago to-night, I saw you for the first time. I loved you then, and now I find I cannot live without you. I can offer you all the comforts and happiness of life that money can secure, and when once you are in my beautiful home, surrounded by all the luxuries that heart can wish for, you will not regret your position.

Julia. (*rising*) I am very sorry if what you say is true, but when I tell you that I love another, and to him I have given my heart, you will understand. Forgive me, do not think hard of me. I am not responsible for your feelings toward me. Until this moment I was unaware that you thought of me except as a friend. I am sorry, but what you ask for is impossible.

Lee. I understand, you have given your heart to Jack Stanton?

Julia. (*lowering head*) Yes.

Lee. I am equally sorry for you. (*JULIA raises head in surprise*) For your love is wasted. (*JULIA attempts to speak, LEE raises hand*) Listen, this noble Jack Stanton is nothing but a flirt, one who would not hesitate at breaking—

Julia. (*stepping toward him*) Stop! sir! you have gone far enough. I refuse to listen to your abuse. Jack Stanton is a gentleman, (*exit GRIMES, l. e.*) and you would not dare repeat to his face what you have said to me. (*bitterly*) Good-night. (*exit c. e., swiftly*

Lee. (*goes to c. e., looks off*) For the second time I have failed, but remember this Julia Kempton, that before you are forty-eight hours older you will be in my power, and then—well, we will see the beautiful scenery of the west, ha! ha!

(*walks to table, sits down, taps bell, business of writing*)

Enter ALICE, c. e., remains at back, LEE takes papers out of pocket and discovers letters written by JACK to JULIA, reads)

"Miss Julia Kempton." Ha! ha! I had almost forgotten that I had these. I must destroy them. (*places letters in side pocket of coat*)

Alice. (*coming down*) Did you ring for me?

Lee. (*turning in chair*) Yes, (*tears up paper*) but I have changed my mind. (*ALICE starts to go*) Stay, sit down, I want to talk to you. (*ALICE sits on sofa*) Do you know I have taken a great liking to you. (*walks to sofa and sits l. of ALICE*) I think you are the prettiest girl I

'ever met. (*places arm around her waist, ALICE takes letters out of his pocket and places them under her apron*) How would you like to be my sweet heart?

Alice. (*jumping up, slaps him in face*) That is how I would like it. Good day, Mr. Lee. (*laughing—exit c. E., quickly*

Lee. (*jumping up*) Whew! intended to pump her, but I evidently did not go at it right. Well, I will try it again. (*looks at watch*) Eight forty-five; I believe I will turn in and get a good nights sleep. There is work to be done to-morrow. (*exit R. E.*)

Enter MR. KEMPTON, c. E., goes to table, sits down and picks up paper, but drops it almost immediately with a sigh.

Mr. K. It is no use trying, I can't forget it. He has been gone three days and no word from him. His last words seem to continually ring in my ears, "Father, you have done me an injustice, yet I forgive you." Will I never forget the look on his face, as he turned to leap from the window. What could he have meant when he said I had wronged him—yet the evidence pointed strongly to his guilt, and when he denied that he took the money, I was determined that he should suffer. Now I am glad he escaped, but until he can prove to me that he is innocent, I do not wish to see his face. Poor Julia, she is ignorant of her brother's crime, she believes him to be on his journey to England. I have not the heart to tell her, but it is only a matter of time until she must know the truth. (*taps bell*)

Enter ALICE, c. E.

Alice. Did you ring for me, Mr. Kempton?

Mr. K. Yes, lock the front doors and turn down the lights in the hall. Tell Julia that I wish to see her, also turn out the lights in the library. I will wait and see if Mr. Stanton arrives, but I hardly think it possible—that is all.

Alice. (*going*) Very well, sir!

Exit ALICE, c. E.—MR. KEMPTON resumes reading—closing of door heard, bolts shooting into place, lights become dim.

Enter JULIA, c. E., goes to sofa, has a book, but does not read.

Julia. What is it, father?

Mr. K. (*looking over top of paper*) Julia, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is useless to wait longer for Jack. Perhaps duty compelled him to remain at his post, and I have given up looking for him to-night; perhaps he will come on the early morning train. You may as well go to your room and retire. I will wait until twelve for him. It is not necessary for you to stay up, unless you want to.

Julia. Very well, father, I will finish this chapter, if you have no objections.

Mr. K. Certainly not, my child, only do not read too long, it will ruin your eyesight.

Julia. Father, while reading in the library I fell asleep. I had a horrible dream, I dreamt that Harry was associating with a horrible tough looking character, or at least he had something to do with Harry's life. He was connected with Harry in some way—and then there was another man in my dream, he seemed to be a gentleman. He and the tough were plotting against Jack's life. I do not

remember all, but the last part of it, is what worries me, there seemed to be a crime committed, that cast a shadow over us. The last I remember was seeing this tough looking character coming toward me and then I was awakened by Alice telling me you wished to see me. What can it all mean? I am sure it signifies something.

(reclines on sofa)

Mr. K. You are tired out, that is all. Do not worry about such foolishness as dreams. Listen, here is a piece in the paper that resembles the experience we had at the sea-side with the counterfeitors. (*reads*) "Counterfeiting at work. Yesterday evening about 4:30, a stylish looking young gentleman walked into the postoffice and secured postage stamps to the amount of \$5, and handed the lady a \$20 gold piece. She unaware of the nature of the coin, handed him back two \$5 bills and five silver dollars for change. The gentleman passed a few remarks and coolly walked out of the building. About an hour after his departure it was discovered that the \$20 gold piece was worthless. It has since been discovered that there has been at least fifty of these worthless \$20 gold pieces passed to—"

(*JULIA drops book, is asleep, MR. KEMPTON looks over to sofa*) Poor girl, she is completely tired out. (*resumes reading to himself*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Street scene—Time, morning—stage clear.

Enter LEE, L., 1 E.

Lee. (looking around) Not here? (looks at watch) Time is up. (looks off R.) Ah! he is coming. Now to hear how he disposed of his man.

Enter GRIMES, R., 1 E.

So you are on time, eh?

Grimes. Dat is me motto. Well, de young man he is out of de way, and I wants me dough.

Lee. What proof have you to confirm your statement? (GRIMES hands LEE papers, he examines letters and picture of FLORENCE, burned marriage certificate—aside) Where did he get hold of these. He must have known something about the murder. It is a good thing I had him put out of the way when I did. (*aloud*) These are proofs enough and here is your money. (takes bank notes out of pocket and gives to GRIMES and puts paper in outside pocket, GRIMES takes money and counts while LEE is talking) I have another piece of work for you to perform.

Grimes. Well, give me de lay of de land. (puts money in pocket)

Lee. There is a certain young lady in this city that I want to get in my power. I do not want her harmed. My plan is, to have you get into the house, and while she is sleeping, chloroform her and carry her to a carriage that will be waiting at the door for you. There is no one in the house but the old man, myself, and this girl, his daughter. I will take care of the old man, while you attend to the girl. The servants are all in their house, which is located in the

rear of the residence, so you have nothing to fear. It will be the easiest piece of work you ever undertook, and for it I will give you \$100. Will you do it?

Grimes. Well, de job seems easy enough and de price is good. Show me de place and give me de particlars.

Lee. Now listen, you follow me, watch the house I go into—(*as he is talking, GRIMES steals papers out of his pocket, holds them in hand at his back*) then until midnight you can do as you please. Don't get drunk, as the clock strikes twelve, be at the front door, I will open it and you come in. I will then show you her room, which will be unlocked. You know the rest. Let me get about half a block ahead before you start, and keep the same distance between us. Do you understand?

Grimes. As plain as day—I'll remember orders. (*exit LEE, L., 1 E.—GRIMES putting papers in pocket and walking to L., 1 E., stops at entrance*) It is de easiest thing I ever struck—he is a brick—wants me to kidnap a girl, does he—he must be in love wid de angel. Well, I am going to beat his time, see— (*exit L., 1 E.*)

Enter HARRY and JULIA, R., 1 E.

Harry. Ah! there goes that tough. I wonder what can keep him around this neighborhood, he speaks to me every time we meet.

Julia. You forget that I ask you a question. Why did you leave home, and why did you not write? If I had not met you, I would have thought you on your way to England. You are a nice boy to run a way like that. Come, explain your actions.

Harry. Can it be possible you have heard nothing of the robbery?

Julia. Robbery? Why, what do you mean?

Harry. Has father nor Mr. Lee told you nothing?

Julia. Tell me what you are driving at. I must confess that I am entirely in the dark. Why are you beating around the bush, in this manner? Explain yourself.

Harry. I am surprised that you know nothing of what happened at home, or the reason I left so suddenly. Father's money was taken out of the secret hiding place, and by some unknown way was placed in my grip. Father accused me of stealing it, and of course I denied the charge. He had an officer that was with him, search my grip and it was found—again I denied knowledge of the affair. Father was indignant and told the officer to do his duty. He stepped toward me and I knocked him down, knowing that if I was arrested, I would have little chance to prove my innocence. I leaped from the window and went at once to the depot. Determined to go and tell Jack what had happened. I told him all, and he promised to help me. He sent a telegram at once to you. I left him at the depot here—he seemed to have entirely vanished since then. I have not seen or heard anything of him. I had promised not to go near the house until he told me to do so, and that is the reason why I have staid away, and now what do you think of my little romance?

Julia. It is horrible to think that I did not know anything about it until now. It was mean in father not to tell me, and I had thought you on your way to England enjoying yourself, but you must come home with me, and I will talk to father. Perhaps he has found out his mistake by this time.

Harry. It is something mysterious how that money got where it

was found. I cannot understand it. Jack said he thought he knew, but would not tell me until he was sure.

Julia. I think it mean in Jack not to come and see us, when he was in the city. I suppose he was called back to his work again; the same as before.

Harry. Jack did not return to his work; I fear Julia, that something has happened to him.

Julia. Have no fear, Jack Stanton can take care of himself—but how do you know he did not go back.

Harry. Well, when I could not find him, I thought he had called to see you, but when I saw you and father drive up to the depot, I began to fear something had happened. I went as close to your carriage as possible, without being discovered, and overheard the conversation between you and father, then I thought the same as you do now, that perhaps he was called back. I was determined to find out. I sent a telegram to Williams, who is taking his place, asking if Jack had returned, or if he knew where he was. I got this reply early this morning. (*takes out telegram and reads*) "He is not here—know nothing of his whereabouts. Williams." And that is the reason I think everything is not just as it should be.

Julia. Perhaps you are right, something may have happened. Come, we will go and see father, and afterwards we will try to find something about Jack.

Harry. You forget my promise.

Julia. But suppose something has happened to Jack, it would be only folly for you to stay away from home. I think you could do nothing better than to stay and talk with father. Perhaps he has heard something from Jack and is keeping it from me, as he did this affair about you. That being the case, your assistance is needed at home.

Harry. Perhaps you are right, come, we will go at once.

(*exeunt L., 1 E.*

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—Parlor—MR. KEMPTON seated R. of table, LEE seated L.

Mr. K. It may be possible that he put the money in his grip by mistake.

Lee. No sir! to me it was a clear case of stealing. You see, I just happened to come in this room when he was at the desk; I heard him say, "Ah! it is lucky I have the key, or I may have had some trouble in getting into the desk." Then I saw him take out a roll of bills and place them in his grip. He was so interested in the work he was doing, that he did not know there was anyone in the room. I determined to go and tell you what I had seen. I slipped out as quietly as I could, and the rest you know. You can believe what you like, but the evidence is too strong for me to believe anything else but that he was stealing the money.

Mr. K. Yes, you are right, he took the money with evil intentions and until he proves himself worthy, he is no son of mine.

Lee. You are in my opinion, doing just the proper thing. Should you take him back, it would only encourage him to do it again, on the other hand—

Enter JULIA, R. E.—LEE rises and bows, JULIA gives him a scornful look.

Pardon me, I have an appointment to make, (*looks at watch*) and it is getting late. I will see you again, Mr. Kempton. (*JULIA walks to sofa R., 2 E., and sits down, LEE walks to C. E. and faces audience, JULIA has her back to him—aside*) All right, my fine beauty, treat me with scorn, but to-night you bid farewell to this beautiful home, never again to return. Your father will not be able to stand the shock, it will kill him to think that his daughter left him; and Harry, well Grimes will start him on the same road as he did Capt. Jack. I was once playing for a part of the Kempton fortune, but now I will play for it all. (*exit L. C. E.*)

Julia. Father, why did you not tell me of the trouble you had with Harry?

Mr. K. So you have found out at last, have you? I kept it from you, because I did not wish to grieve you with the knowledge of your brother's dishonesty.

Julia. Father, I am sure you have made a terrible mistake. Harry is not guilty of the crime of which he has been accused. You have no reasons to suspect him, he has ever proved honest and trustworthy.

Mr. K. Julia, I am surprised at you for trying to shield your brother when the money was found in his grip, which was packed and ready for his voyage. He is guilty beyond a doubt. Mr. Lee saw him put the money in his grip.

Julia. (*rising and going over to MR. KEMPTON's chair, places hand on back of it*) Father, I care not what Mr. Lee said, nor should you believe his words against those of your son. Harry has never given you cause to doubt his word. He has performed every duty which he has been trusted with to your entire satisfaction, and now that a shadow seems to fall across his path, you should be the last one to doubt him. It was you who should have extended your hand to him without a doubt of his honesty, when he denied the guilt. It is the first time suspicion has ever fallen on him, and to make the blow all the heavier, his father, for the first time in his life, disbelieves his son's word and accepts that of a stranger.

Mr. K. (*rising*) Julia, you are making a mistake in upholding Harry. It will only encourage him to continue on the road to ruin. Think what you are doing. I know your love for your brother is strong, but it is no stronger than mine is for my only son. Would that this thing had never happened. Harry offers no explanation as to how the money came to be in his grip. He must prove to me that he is innocent, until then, for my sake, do not speak to me of this subject again. (*exit C. E.*)

Julia. Poor father, this excitement and worry is telling on him. Why is it that he believes Mr. Lee instead of Harry, and what object can Mr. Lee have in accusing Harry of this crime. Father says that Mr. Lee saw Harry put the money in his grip. That is a falsehood, I do not and never will believe Harry guilty of such a crime. (*GRIMES appears in C. E., remains unseen throughout conversation*) Harry tells me that Jack said, he thought he knew how those bills came to be in his grip. I wish he were here. I cannot understand what is keeping him away, could anything have happened to him. I am going to send another telegram, perhaps they may know something in regard to his whereabouts. (*business of writing*)

Grimes. (aside in c. e.) So dat is de angel I am to swipe to-night, is it? Worried about de Captain, is she? Ha! ha! well me dear girl, I think you would be surprised to see de Captain at dis very moment. I's fixed de cove so his own mother wouldn't know him. (looks r.) Hello! dere comes me friend. I'll just remain and see if he can tumble to de racket.

Enter HARRY. c. e., catches GRIMES by the collar and pushes him into the room, JULIA jumps to her feet.

Harry. So I caught you spying, did I? Having a good time all by yourself, were you? Now I would like to know what you want, hanging about this house so much.

Grimes. Look here young fellow, you'se barkin' up de 'rong tree, when you'se jump onto me, see? I'se a gentleman, and don't you'se forget it! Spying, did you say? Dat is a mistake. I'se a plumber and is fixing de pipes next door and got into de 'rong place, dat is how I come to be here, see?

Harry. (pushing GRIMES to c. e.) Well, you might be a plumber, but to me you look like a plunger. Get out of here as fast as you can, and don't let me catch you hanging around this neighborhood any more.

Grimes. (in c. e.) Dat's all right, young fellow, I'll get even with you, see?

Harry. Get!

(exit GRIMES, r. e.)

Julia. (sits on sofa) Why Harry, you talk as though you thought he was a thief. It is true he looked rather tough, but that does not signify that he is not an honest man.

Harry. (coming and standing at sofa) I don't know why it is, but I can not tell just what I think of him. I did not like the way he looked when I caught him. I was sure he was up to something. He had no business in this house, and that was the reason that I treated him the way I did—but have you seen father, and what did he say?

Julia. Yes, I have seen him, he does not talk very favorable. It seems as if Mr. Lee has told him something that is not in your favor. Father does not like it because you offer no explanation as to how the money was found in your grip.

Harry. So Mr. Lee has a finger in the pie, has he? I would like to know just what he told father. If I could have offered any explanation, I would have done so at once. I am sure I did not put it there. I am getting sick of this whole business. Had Jack stood by me as he promised to do, perhaps I would feel better, but as it is, I have but one friend and that is you. I feel just like giving up and going some place where I am not known and let father think me guilty, it will make no difference to me.

Julia. (rising) Harry, what are you talking about—don't talk so foolish. I am sure if I were in your place I would not give up, but do everything in my power to prove my innocence.

Harry. Yes, you are right I know, but I had so much hope in Jack, and now to all appearances he has forsaken me. I must confess I am loosing hope.

Julia. Fight it alone if necessary, but somehow I feel as though Jack has not forsaken you, but is near at hand, and as he has done before, make his appearance when he is most needed. Come, (walk-

ing to R., 2 E.) go to your room and take a good rest, you are completely tired out. When you feel better, we will see what can be done.

Harry. (going) All right, I will take your advice. I am somewhat tired, and no doubt a little rest will do me good. *(exit R., 2 E.)*

Julia. (looking off R.) Poor Harry, I wish I could do something for you, but I am entirely helpless. What can I do? I must be careful while father and son are under the same roof.

Enter ALICE, R., 2 E.

Alice, if any one should want me, you will find me in my room. *(goes to C. and picks up message and hands to ALICE)* Send this at once.

Alice. (taking paper) Yes, ma'am. *(exit JULIA, C. E.—ALICE sits at R. of table, looking at telegram)* Mr. Williams, that is the gentleman who is taking Capt. Jack's place while he is away. I wonder where Mr. Stanton is. Poor Julia, she is worrying herself to death over this matter. I must help her all I can. She has found out at last about her brother being accused of the robbery. I think it a shame that suspicion should fall on him. I do not think he had any thing to do with it. Let me see, I believe Mr. Lee could tell us something about this business. I think it about time my idea should begin to bloom. If I was sure that I was not mistaken, I would give them all a surprise. Ah! I have it. Julia told me all about Jack saving her life; now if I could tell this story to him, he might betray himself. If he would, I should be sure of my game. Ah! someone is coming, I hope it is Lee. *(picks up paper and pretends to read*

Enter LEE, C. E., goes to sofa and sits down.

Lee. Hello there, sweetheart, what seems to *(ALICE lowers paper)* interest you so much?

Alice. I was just reading a story. Do you like stories?

Lee. Well, some kind, it depends on who tells them.

Alice. This one is very interesting. May I read it to you, it is not very long?

Lee. Certainly, I should be charmed to listen to such a fair reader.

Alice. All right, now listen. *(reads)* "It was during a fearful storm, the distant rolling of the thunder sounded like the roaring of a mighty lion, who was rushing down to destroy everything in its path. Far from shore on the angry waves of the sea, tossed an excursion steamer; they were unable to bring her to shore, and as the waves tossed the ship like a helpless child, it was driven against rocks hidden beneath the angry water; almost immediately the ship began to sink and caught fire. Some of the passengers jumped into the water, others stayed on board the now doomed ship, but help was near; the Life Saving Crew was close at hand, and by skillful work, every one was saved. The Capt. of the Crew in saving a young man's life, was injured, his arm was broken—"

Lee. (jumping up from sofa, goes to C. E.) Bah! such stories I don't care to hear. *(exit C. E.)*

Alice. (getting up, drops paper on table, laughing) My scheme worked to perfection. At last I am sure of my man, and now Mr. Man with many names, I am going to push my idea to the bitter end.

Enter MR. KEMPTON, c. e.—ALICE begins arranging papers on desk table.

Mr. K. (sitting l. of table) Alice, send Julia to me at once.

Alice. (leaving) Yes sir!

(exit c. e., MR. KEMPTON picks up paper and reads)

Enter HARRY, R. E.

Harry. (quietly) Father.

Mr. K. (standing, faces HARRY) Harry, you here?

Harry. Yes.

Mr. K. Well, can you prove your innocence?

Harry. No, but I swear that I am not guilty of the crime.

Mr. K. Harry, I wish I could believe you.

Enter LEE, C. E.

Harry. Have you ever had reason to doubt me before this?

Lee. The bills in your grip, can you explain?

Harry. Why is it, Mr. Lee, that you take such an interest in this affair? It is no business of yours.

Lee. Simply because your father is an old friend of mine.

Mr. K. He is right. You must explain how the money came to be where it was found.

Harry. I am afraid that I cannot do.

Mr. K. Very well, until you can prove beyond a doubt your innocence, you are no son of mine.

Harry. Father, you—

Lee. I think it is useless to exchange any more words. Your father

Enter JULIA, C. E.

is doing his duty.

Harry. You sir! will oblige me very much by keeping your thoughts to yourself.

Mr. K. That will do, Harry, let me hear no more of your insolence. Mr. Lee is my guest.

Lee. Thank you, Mr. Kempton, I have nothing more to say. Do as you please, you know your duty, it is to arrest—

Julia. (coming down) Stop! another word from you and out you go, do you hear?

Mr. K. Julia.

Julia. Yes, father.

Mr. K. Go to your room.

Julia. (going) Good-bye, Harry, do not despair.

Enter ALICE, C. E.

Alice. Just one word before you go. Miss Julia. (JULIA turns

Lee. What does this mean? Who are you?

Alice. Who am I? Have you no idea?

Lee. None whatever.

Alice. I have had an idea for sometime, I will give it to you.

Lee. Again I ask, who are you?

Alice. (going to LEE) I am an interesting girl with an interesting story. (pulls off glasses and wig, at same time pulls off beard and wig)

from LEE) Look, do you know me? I am your wife, Charles Hurd.
Lee. Anna! Curse the luck, I have failed. (*turning to ALICE*) You will regret this, my lady.

Mr. K. Sir! leave this house at once.

Lee. (*going*) Very well, I will do so. (*runs into GRIMES at c. e.*) Out of the way. (*tries to push GRIMES off*)

Grimes. (*pushing LEE back into room*) Ah! what is your rush, you're in good company, stay here a while.

Lee. Man, what does this mean?

Grimes. (*remaining in c. e.—to MR. KEMPTON*) It means dat dis bloke (*pointing to LEE*) is de thief as took de money outer de desk and put it in de grip.

Omnes. What?

Harry. At last.

Mr. K. How do you know this?

Grimes. Cause he told me so.

Lee. It is a lie, I never saw you before.

Grimes. (*advancing*) Is dat so, are you're sure?

Lee. I know what I am talking about. I guess you have made a mistake.

Grimes. (*in front of LEE*) And I guess you've has another guess coming. (*pulls tough make up off*) At last I am face to face with my sister's murderer. Go! (*points to c. e.*) The officers await you.

Omnes. Jack Stanton.

Julia. Jack!

JULIA rushes toward him, throws herself into his arms. *HARRY* and *MR. KEMPTON* clasp-hands. *LEE* pulls revolver from pocket. *ALICE* steps up behind *LEE*, as he raises it to fire at *JACK*. *ALICE* raises arms to prevent. *LEE* lowers pistol, points to his own head, fires and falls to stage with a groan. *JACK* takes a step toward *LEE*—all turn.

Alice. (*steps over to LEE's body*) Justice.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Jack and Harry—The warning of counterfeiters—Julia Kempton and Charles Dean—Florence overhears her husband's soliloquy—"I'm your wife and you will find me a thorn of the worst kind"—Florence's story—The murder—Florence mortally wounded and found by Jack, who discovers her to be his sister, she tells him it was Charles Dean who stabbed her—Death of Florence—Jack takes an oath to avenge her death—An attempt to murder Jack Stanton foiled—The broken engagement of Julia and Dean—The threat—Jack interferes—"Curse him"—Dean meets his accomplices—The compact, "\$300 each if we get rid of him"—An attempt to murder Jack, which failed—Jack finds a letter and his sister's picture, which was lost in the tussle, which reveals to him that Dean is his sister's murderer and Charles Clark.

ACT II.—A girl with an interesting story—Lee's suspicion—"No mail from Jack"—Charles Dean disguised as Mr. Lee and Harry's friend, secures package of money from Mr. Kempton's desk and secretes it in Harry's valise—The missing money found in the valise—Harry accused—"Father, I am innocent"—"Officer, do your duty"—Escape of Harry—Grimes overhears a conversation between Julia and Lee—Julia's dream.

ACT III.—Grime's and Lee's plot to abduct Julia—Harry returns home—Meeting of sister and brother—Jack's absence unaccounted for—Lee informs Mr. Kempton that he saw Harry take the money—Julia pleads for Harry—Harry takes Grimes for a thief—Alice reads a little story for Lee's amusement—Mr. Kempton discovers Harry—Lee denounces him—Julia comes to her brother's aid—Alice, Lee's deserted wife confronts him—Grimes, who is Jack Stanton in disguise, takes off disguise and accuses Lee of his sister's murder—Lee attempts to shoot Jack, but is foiled by Alice, then shoots himself—Harry vindicated by Our Jack.

Katie's Deception;

—OR,—

The Troublesome Kid.

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character. Farmer from "Way back" answers Katie's matrimonial advertisement. Characters are all good. Price 15 cents.

Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man character is excellent, is alway buying umbrellas, but never has one when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece.

Price 15c.

Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutchman is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproarously funny—

HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience, 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F. Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress—girls carry a Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake.

Price 15 cents.

LITTLE GOLDIE;

—OR—

The Child of The Camp.

A Western Comedy Drama in 4 acts, by Charles O. Willard, for 11 male and 3 female characters. Time 2 hours

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave—The lawyers and Mike—Little Goldie has fun with the Judge—Mike makes love to Matilda—The Judge is appealed to—Matilda and the Judge—Joe arrived late—The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up—Tells the gang a story—Old Jones is rich—The plot—Peter's meets old Jones—The struggle—Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his cannon—"It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks—The Judge gets drunk—Mike tells some news—The boys "lay" for the school teacher—The school teacher arrives—A female!—The Judge makes a speech—Joe drops in and cuts them all out—Matilda and the Judge—Mike gets mad—The Capt. of the Black Hawks again—Little Goldie at her pranks, has trouble with Godfrey—Joe interferes—The Col. and Maj. get in their worst—Judge tries to escape from Matilda—Mike helps him out—The recognition—The story—I will be there—The quarrel—"Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith—Matilda tells a little gossip and departs—Joe calls and tells Edith of his love—The Judge hears him refused—Joe departs—The Judge tries his hand—Matilda unexpectedly returns—The Judge in a fix—Little Goldie again—A new baby—Godfrey calls on Edith—The promise—"So will I"—The Col. and Maj.—Mike happens along—The Judge takes a hand—Little Goldie looking for Joe—Handsome Harry—"I'll play this alone if I die for it"—Near the Black Hawk's retreat—The Black Hawks—Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival—Edith arrives—"Never"—"Then go where you belong"—Handsome Harry to the rescue—"Defend yourself!"—Harry is overpowered—The fate of a traitor—Goldie to the rescue—The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver—Mike Flynn in command—The reformed Bummer—The letters—The letter from the nephew—The nephew arrives—Godfrey as a "Missionary"—The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew—The arrival of the Judge—The murder—The Col. and Joe—Godfrey's claim—Mike tells what he heard—Godfrey accused of murder—"His child, and the heiress is dead"—The heiress found is Little Goldie—Handsome Harry—Godfrey cheats the law—Edith and Joe—Unexpected arrival of Matilda—Happy finale.

Price 25 cts.

The Old Wayside Inn.

A drama in 5 acts by J. E. Crary, for 9 male and 6 female characters. Time of performance 2 hours.

ACT I.—The Wayside Inn—Storm on the Moor—Arrival of Lady Arley and infant daughter—Lill Beckwith warns her—"It is death to remain longer"—Arrival of Jack Beckwith—Murder of Lady Arley—Lill saves the child.

ACT II.—A lapse of fifteen years—Lill and Gypsy—The dying woman—"I am not your mother"—The secret revealed—Jack arrives—A death bed—Jack's despair—Gypsy discovers her mother's papers, which reveals her mother's history—Bart Juan and Jack meet—"I know your secret"—"My silence is, the hand of Gypsy"—Bruce Stilwell—Lost on the Moor—Seeks shelter, and is warned by Gypsy—His escape—Jack's oath at his wife's grave—Murder of Jack and abduction of Gypsy, by Bart Juan and his men—Bruce discovers Jack in time to learn of the abduction—Death of Jack.

ACT III.—The Irish and Dutch Detectives—"Ish dot so?"—Home of Lady Stillwell—The compact between Bruce and his mother—"I love Gypsy Beckwith"—Pat and Fritz—Cave of the Robbers—Washington dances at the point of a revolver—Gypsy's escape—Oath of vengeance.

ACT IV.—Bruce discovers Gypsy as an Actress—I shall never marry my cousin Gerty—Bart Juan and Bruce—The duel, in which Gerty meets her death.

ACT V.—Lady Stillwell's attempt to discover the heiress—Bruce and Gypsy—The proposal—Happy ending.

Price, 15cts.

Under the American Flag.

A Spanish American Drama in 4 acts, by Hilton Coon, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of General Romero F. Nerverra, Manilla—A prisoner of war.

ACT II.—Ramparts of the Fort de Santiago—The escape.

ACT III.—The same—The bombardment of Manilla.

ACT IV.—The land of the free—Patrick O'Roogan's home near Fort Hamilton, Cal.—Two weeks later. Price, 25cts.

WHO'S WHO; OR ALL IN A FOG.

A farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time for representation, 40 minutes. The series of amusing situations are brought about by a number of cases of mistaken identity. Everybody is mistaken for everybody else, and the complications arising are extremely laughable. The characters are all capital, and the piece never fails to divert an audience. Price, 15cts.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone, as played at the Park Théâtre, N. Y., for 2 male and 4 female characters. Time of playing, 40 minutes. The entanglements in which an amorous, elderly gentleman finds himself because of his roundabout way of "popping the question," are deliciously funny, while the culminating scene between himself and the two old maids is one of the most comical things ever witnessed. Easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery. Price, 15cts.

A NEW TEMPERANCE FARCE, ENTITLED

"Switched Off,"

BY LIZZIE MAY ELWYN.

Author of "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," for 8 female characters, can double to 6. Parlor scene. Time of playing, 25 minutes. Mrs. Marsh advocates the moderate use of liquor—her daughter returning home from school, hears of her mother's views, and with some girl friends, decide to switch her off the whiskey track, with the aid of two Irish servants. They show up the moderate use of liquor in a way that soon convinces Mrs. Marsh, that to abolish it entirely, is the only safe way. Grandmother Taylor, a strong temperance woman, speaks her mind freely. The result is that all sign the tempérance pledge. A tip top farce—full of fun—characters all good.

Price, 15cts

DEC 6 1904

Farmer Larkin's Boarders.

A Comedy in 2 acts, by Merit Osborn, for 5 male and 4 female characters. Time of playing 1 hour.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Farmer Larkin's son, Jack, who has become tired of farm life, desires to go to the city to make his fortune—his father objects, and a few angry words decides Jack. He leaves the old home, and for five years nothing is heard of him, much to his father's regret. During this time, owing to failure in crops, Farmer Larkin is obliged to mortgage his farm; the mortgage is past due, and will be foreclosed in a short time, unless paid. He sees no way to get the money, but decides to take some boarders for the summer. Mr. Wendell, a wealthy gentleman from the city, who is interested in the extension of the L. Road, with his family, have secured board at Farmer Larkin, also Mr. O'Houlihan, an Irish Alderman of the Fourteenth Ward, and an admirer of Miss Wendell. Jack disguised as a tramp, returns home, but his father recognizes him and is overjoyed to see him. Farmer Larkin and wife discussing ways and means to prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage, is overheard by Jack, who decides the farm shall not be sold, goes secretly and pays off the claim, much to his parents joy and surprise, as they supposed he returned home as poor as when he left them. The summer outing resulted in the betrothal of Jack and Lucy, O'Houlihan and Miss Wendell, and the extension of the L. Road.

Price 15 cents.

Handy Andy.

An Irish Drama in 2 ac's, by W. R. Floyd, for 10 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing 1 hour and 10 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Squire Egan, an Irish gentleman of the best type, has a young friend, Edward O'Connor, a suitor for the hand of Miss Fanny Dawson. The young lady's father will not consent to her marrying Edward, unless he is successful in a lawsuit that he has commenced in order to recover some large properties kept from him by some legal hocus-pocus. The party opposed to Edward is one Squire O'Grady, and he contrives to keep so close, that the process of the court, ordering him to procure certain papers, cannot be served upon him. Squire Egan has a young "broth of a boy" about his establishment, nick-named Handy Andy. The boy was supposed to be a foundling, and had been reared from childhood by the charity of the humble mother of one Oonah Rooney. Handy Andy, although a capital rider and huntsman, is a decided failure as a valet; and if there are two ways of doing a thing—the right and the wrong—Handy is sure to give the wrong the preference. But he is such a perfect specimen of good humor, and so obliging without, that Egan can't bring himself to part with him, even when he brings him hot water for shaving in a bucket. Mad Nancy, reputed to be a crazy woman, has more sense than they suppose, and very effectually works to recover O'Connor's lands, and to get hold of her marriage certificate, the latter being in possession of Squire O'Grady. All through the piece, Handy's ridiculous blunderings lighten up the dark incidents. Eventually, Mad Nancy contrives to seize the documents from O'Grady, which renders Edward O'Connor and his love, Fanny Dawson, happy, and restores her, Nancy, to the ranks of honest women, making at the same time her son, Handy, the possessor of a title and a handsome property, and thus enabling him to marry the pretty peasant girl, Oonah Rooney, the daughter of the poor woman, who had sheltered him in his childhood.

Price 15 cents.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.
146 Our Awful Aunt.....	4	4	8 Better Half.....	5	2
53 Out in the Streets.....	6	4	86 Black vs. White.....	4	2
51 Rescued.....	5	3	22 Captain Smith.....	3	3
59 Saved.....	2	3	84 Cheek Will Win.....	3	0
102 Turn of the Tide.....	7	4	287 Cousin Josiah.....	1	1
68 Three Glasses a Day.....	4	2	225 Cupids Capers.....	4	4
62 Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	7	3	317 Cleveland's Reception Party.	5	3
58 Wrecked.....	9	3	249 Double Election.....	9	1
COMEDIES.					
324 A Day In A Doctor's Office...	5	1	72 Deuce is in Him.....	1	1
136 A Legal Holiday.....	5	3	19 Did I Dream it.....	4	3
168 A Pleasure Trip.....	7	3	220 Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0
124 An Afflicted Family.....	7	5	42 Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0
257 Caught in the Act.....	7	3	148 Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1
248 Captured	6	4	218 Everybody Astonished.....	4	0
178 Caste.....	5	3	224 Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1
176 Factory Girl.....	6	3	233 Freezing a Mother-in-Law...	2	1
207 Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8	3	154 Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2
199 Home	4	3	184 Family Discipline.....	0	1
174 Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3	3	274 Family Jars.....	5	2
158 Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt....	1	1	209 Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5	3
149 New Years in N. Y.....	7	6	13 Give Me My Wife.....	3	3
37 Not So Bad After All.....	6	5	307 Hallabahoola, the Medicine		
237 Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3	Man.....	4	3
338 Our Boys.....	6	4	66 Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1
126 Our Daughters.....	8	6	271 Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5	0
265 Pug and the Baby.....	5	3	116 Hash	4	2
114 Passions	8	4	120 H. M. S. Plum	1	1
264 Prof. James' Experience			50 How She has Own Way.....	1	3
Teaching Country School.....	4	3	140 How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1
219 Rags and Bottles.....	4	1	74 How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2
239 Scale with Sharps and Flats..	3	2	35 How Stout Your Getting.....	5	2
221 Solon Shingle.....	14	2	247 Incompatibility of Temper...	1	2
262 Two Bad Boys.....	7	3	95 In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3
87 The Bitter Bit.....	3	2	305 Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3	2
131 The Cigarette.....	4	2	299 Jimmie Jones.....	3	2
240 \$2,000 Reward.....	2	0	11 John Smith.....	5	3
TRAGEDIES.					
16 The Serf.....	6	3	323 Johannes Blatz's Mistake.....	4	3
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.					
129 Aar-u-ag-oos.....	2	1	99 Jumbo Jum.....	4	3
132 Actor and Servant.....	1	1	82 Killing Time.....	1	1
316 Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3	3	182 Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3
289 A Colonel's Mishap.....	5	0	127 Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2
12 A Capital Match.....	3	2	228 Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	0
303 A Kiss in the Dark.....	2	3	302 Locked in a Dress-maker's		
166 A Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4	2	Room.....	3	2
30 A Day Well Spent.....	7	5	106 Lodgings for Two.....	3	0
169 A Regular Fix.....	2	4	288 Love in all Corners.....	5	3
286 A Professional Gardener.....	4	2	139 Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1
80 Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4	3	231 Match for a other-Min-Law.	2	2
320 All In A Muddle.....	3	3	235 More Blunders than one.....	4	3
78 An Awful Criminal.....	3	3	69 Mother's Fool.....	6	1
313 A Matchmaking Father.....	2	2	23 My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3
31 A Pet of the Public.....	4	2	208 My Precious Betsey.....	4	4
21 A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3	212 My Turn Next.....	4	3
123 A Thrilling Item.....	3	1	32 My Wife's Relations.....	4	4
20 A Ticket of Leave.....	3	2	186 My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1
329 A Valets Mistake.....	5	4	273 My Neighbor's Wife.....	3	3
324 A Day in a Doctors Office....	5	1	296 Nanka's Leap Year Venture.	5	2
175 Betsey Baker.....	2	2	259 Nobody's Moke.....	5	2
			324 Our Hotel.....	5	3
			334 Olivet.....	3	2
			On the Sly.....	3	2



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Ames' Plays--Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.		
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1	325	A Coincidence.....	8	0
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
180	Ripples.....	2	0	22	Colored Senators.....	3	0
267	Room 44.....	2	0	214	Chops.....	3	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter.....	5	4	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
48	Schnaps.....	1	1	190	Crinps Trip.....	2	0
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
327	Strictly Temperance.....	2	2	103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2	226	Hypochondriac The.....	3	0
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0	319	In For It.....	3	0
1	Slasher and Crashier.....	5	2	47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3	3	77	Joe's Visit.....	2	1
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2	1	88	Mischievious Nigger.....	2	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
328	The Landlords Revenue.....	3	3	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	0
315	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	244	Old Clothes.....	3	0
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	246	Othello.....	4	1
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2	297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2	0
235	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2	184	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0
295	The Spellin' Skewl.....	7	6	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4	2	107	School.....	1	0
202	Tim Flannigan.....	5	0	133	Seeing Bosting.....	0	0
142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1	179	Sham Doctor.....	0	0
276	The Printer and His Devils.....	3	1	94	16,000 Years Ago.....	0	0
263	Trials of a Country Editor.....	6	2	243	Sports on a Lark.....	0	0
7	The Wonderful Telephone.....	3	1	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	0	0
231	Two Aunt Emilys.....	0	8	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	1	0
212	Uncle Ethan.....	4	3	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
269	Unjust Justice.....	6	2	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2	64	That Boy Sam.....	1	0
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3	253	The Best Cure.....	4	0
832	Which is Which.....	3	3	282	The Intelligence Office.....	3	0
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1	122	The Select School.....	5	0
56	Wooing Under Difficulties.....	5	3	118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8	6	The Studio.....	3	0
135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2	245	Ticket Taker.....	0	1
155	Why they Joined the Re- beccas.....	0	4	197	Twain's Dodging.....	3	0
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1	198	Tricks.....	5	0
157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3	196	Uncle Jeff.....	5	0
			216	Vice Versa.....	4	0	
			206	Villkups and Dinah.....	3	0	
17	Hints on Elocution.....			210	Virginia Mummiv.....	6	0
130	Hints to Amateurs.....			203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	0
			205	William Tell.....	4	0	
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